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SIXPENCE.

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1. THE AEROPLANE LIEUT. BRANDON USED WHEN HE BOMBED A RAIDING ZEPPELIN ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 31—APRIL 1.

On April 2 an official report stated: "The total casualties reported as a result of the Zeppelin raid on the night of March 31—April 1 now amount to: killed, 43; injured, 66. Nearly two hundred explosive and incendiary bombs were dropped. . . . No military damage was caused. . . . Lieut. Brandon, Royal Flying Corps, on rising to 6000 feet, at 9.45 p.m., saw a Zeppelin about 3000 feet above him. At 9000 feet he got over it

2 AND 3. LIEUT. A. DE BATHE BRANDON, R.F.C., WHO DROPPED BOMBS ON A RAIDING ZEPPELIN ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 31—APRIL 1.

and attacked, dropping several bombs, three of which he believes took effect. At 10 p.m. he got over the airship again, and let off two more bombs over her nose. His own machine was hit many times by machine-gun bullets. . . ." Mr. A. de Bathe Brandon sacrificed his position in New Zealand at the outbreak of war to come to this country. He got his commission in December, but his "wings" as flight officer less than a month ago.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

WAR-TIME READING.

THE book-publisher hardly thrives in war time. Many of his clients are fully occupied; action has usurped the place of thought; newspapers are clamorous, by the hour, the day, or the week; they present Rumour "painted full of tongues." If he would endure, the author must don khaki; he will find that his chances of life have improved. He will be well fed, comfortably clothed, and learn that between the publisher's and the State's estimate of his value the balance of generosity inclines towards the State. I am writing of the men who appeal to a circle so small that it is a hard struggle for them to persist on what remains when the publisher has recouped himself for his outlay, and allowed for risk and a proportion of advertising and office expenses. But even the well-established feel the pinch, perhaps because the serious man and woman with scanty leisure are not taking any risks just now. The hour they can snatch from labour must be profitably spent; it must fit them to take up their appointed task refreshed and courageous. Why, in these circumstances, should they restrict their choice to contemporary talent when the world of genius invites selection?

And the cheapness of the truly great! They range in confusion along the shelves of the second-hand bookseller, their earliest message delivered, their mouths "stopped with dust." They demand no royalties; they care not if they yield their proportion of expenses. There is no fashion in them save when, under coverings richly tooled and gilded, they are offered in expensive sets to the school-child of the wealthy, to the bride or the bridegroom, or to anybody who loves finely bound books well enough to leave them prominent, even if unopened, on a library shelf. In their more modest guise the Masters are cheap; for the finely printed copy of Wordsworth's poems that set me writing this paper (Edward Moxon, 1847) I paid sixpence. I have other editions of the poet, none quite as pleasing as this; and I purchased in the same shop for ninepence the Galgani edition of Southey. Since the war began, my debt to Wordsworth has grown by leaps and bounds until at last, in view of its dimensions, I seek others to share the burden. Tastes and moods must ever vary, but there will be some who, if they can read Wordsworth aright in these days, will find him full of healing—who will learn to say, with him, "Not without hope we suffer and we mourn."

Perhaps he owes the secret of his strength to his severe simplicity; he despised ornament in style, he sought no beauty in words. He interpreted Nature, and, taking his text from field and woodside, expounded the moral law that fills the universe. He was the exponent of simplicity in all its aspects.

The world is too much with us; late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

Wordsworth is the proper companion of our normal life, raising from insignificance the common round and daily task. Too strong and rugged to take the purely sentimental view of war, he built all his ideals upon peace. A democrat, too, in all the period of his life that matters, he left his heart in Dove Cottage.

One cannot go to Wordsworth without discrimination: much that he wrote was unworthy of the best. He changed after he was forty, and not for the better; but his genius was nurtured in a season of crisis, and to the legitimate successor of that season it responds naturally. Matthew Arnold's selection may well serve those who prefer to leave that hard but fascinating labour to others.

War threatens not only the sense but the source of enjoyment of those who have learned to depend upon artificial sources of stimulus. Wordsworth brings the return to Nature within the reach of all. He induces a tranquil state of mind, resignation, contentment; he gives us a vision of the moral law at work throughout the world. You need no external possessions in order to enter the realm that his revolt against the eighteenth-century tradition led him to explore. He flung the gates open, using the key that is fashioned in his poems. Preacher as well as poet, he taught the eternal verities; he saw, through all the conflict of his times and through all his own hard circumstances, the beauty of the world we live in. It is with a sense of relief almost physical that we realise how little, if at all, the external world has changed, the emptiness of normal ambitions and pursuits. The spirit that informed Robert Browning when he wrote his familiar message from overseas runs singing and shining through Wordsworth's work down to the time he left Town End.

In the brief intervals of leisure this poet can serve the time through which we are passing more faithfully than any of his peers. There are plenty of writers highly esteemed through long centuries whose philosophy can meet every occasion; but Wordsworth's genius is essentially English; it was nurtured in a part of the country over which even to-day the infinite peace of Nature broods almost undisturbed. He does not vaunt patriotism. The world as he knew it was his theme; but those who never felt the real love of England will find their happiness growing as they read, and his appeal is ever to the simple, to the "pure in heart" who shall see God.

He can turn the winter of our discontent to the spring-tide of hope, if not to the summer of accomplishment, without having the faintest suggestion that such happiness as he offers us wrongs those who by force of fate are suffering and unhappy. We know that there is a great healing in his philosophy, and that those who will seek it will not return empty. His tranquil, steadfast mind could fathom the significance of life, read and enforce the lessons that it teaches, and build the superstructure of happiness upon the sure foundation of duty fulfilled. The austere, homely man, so full of vitality and enthusiasm for daily life, who spent the most of his days with Nature in her sternest mood, is a very present help in the season of our trouble, a great national asset. If Great Britain granted posthumous honours, after the fashion of the Chinese Emperors, it is certain—since there would be no profit in honouring the wrong man—that Wordsworth would be ennobled.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"STAND AND DELIVER," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

THE only difference between "Stand and Deliver" and a dozen or two cape-and-sword dramas which have found favour in London arises from Mr. Huntly McCarthy's having chosen Claude Duval for his hero, and so having had to falsify history in order to provide that ending with wedding bells which lovers of romance claim as their due. Otherwise, apart from one episode of the road for the highwayman to justify his identity, the Duval of His Majesty's is just your paragon of chivalry who comes to the rescue of beauty in distress—here almost in the clutches of naughty King Charles—and baffles villainy with the prettiest of sword-play. Such a rôle of shreds and patches you would hardly have thought likely to appeal to an actor so robust as Mr. Bourchier—and, truth to tell, he is rather too overpowering for its artificialities. But there are plenty of alarms and excursions, and fights and escapes. Beauty, in the person of Miss Kyrle Bellew, is apparelled in a gorgeous gown of cloth-of-gold; and there is one first-rate chance for acting of which Miss Miriam Lewes, as an Alsatian girl, makes the most. Her Orange Moll is alive as well as picturesque.

"MR. MANHATTAN," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

The best thing and the sufficient thing about the new musical comedy, which testifies to its origin in its title, "Mr. Manhattan," is that it serves to introduce a comedian of an exceptionally plaintive, appealing, and therefore welcome type. Mr. Raymond Hitchcock has a way of at once disregarding and confiding in his audience. He is obviously sure of himself, and yet, as in that dirge of his about the man who has "nowhere to go," he seems always seeking sympathy by gestures and asides. His personality should suffice to ensure the piece a run; but he has plenty of clever supporters, including Miss Iris Hoey in her best burlesque mood; Miss Kitty Mason, in sprightly dances; a newcomer of promise—to wit, Miss Peggy Kurton; and such comedians as Mr. George Barrett, Mr. Hatherton, and Mr. Volpe, who will, no doubt, work up the game of couples at cross-purposes that serves for plot when they have settled down more together. Mr. Howard Talbot's music has the right swing to suit an atmosphere of farce.

"KITTY MACKAY," AT THE QUEEN'S.

Not the equal of "Bunty" in general harmoniousness, because that had the homely story to match the homely setting, still, "Kitty Mackay" presents you with not a few of the attractions of Mr. Moffatt's comedy. Here are Scottish humour and types—experts must decide whether they are correct—early Victorian costumes, and the sort of artless drama and sentiment which drew appreciative tears from the playgoers of the 'fifties. A Scottish Cinderella is Miss Cushing's heroine, drudge in a harsh household when her Prince Charming, a peer's son, meets and woos her, and she seems momentarily transported to luxury and happiness, only to be thrust back again into the old kitchen, but that a lawyer fairly is able to prove that there is no such bar between herself and her lover as the latter's father imagines. Oh, these peers, with their secret marriages and neglected offspring, what would our romantics do without them? The American actress, Miss Molly McIntyre, who has been brought over to enact the title-part, has all the resources of her art at her fingertips, and, if we are kept a little too mindful of her technique, makes the girl very sweet and winning; and the humbler Scottish folk are admirably rendered by a quartet which comprises Mr. Watson Hume (once "Weelum" in "Bunty"), Miss Jean Cadell, Mr. George Tully, and Miss Margaret Nyblom.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

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NEW NOVELS.

"Just Ourselves." Pleasant triviality is the note of "Just Ourselves" (Chapman and Hall). It is a kind of chronicle of small beer. Mrs. George Norman aims at good-will between author and reader, and succeeds in establishing the impression that she delights in intimate confidences in a sympathetic ear. Arm in arm, conversing in undertones, she and her public perambulate the Isles of the Blest. The scene of "Just Ourselves" is laid in Littlewick—a descriptive name—where Nance, the rich and charming widow, entertains a wounded officer, and conquers the gruff doctor with the heart of gold, and plays providence to all manner of sick and sorry people. As a foil to lovely Nance, there is the chorus of gossips, just vulgar enough, and feline enough, to accentuate the sweetness of the heroine and her friends. There are plenty of snobs in the Littlewick neighbourhood, and plenty of uncharitable folk, so that the path of Nance is by no means roses all the way. And this is fortunate, for if "Just Ourselves" errs, it is on the side of sentimentality, and an acid corrective clears the palate. Mrs. George Norman is the right kind of writer for the present hour. Her gentle book is anodyne.

"Frey and His Wife." In Scandinavia, at the dawn of its conversion to Christianity, lived Ogmund Ravensson; but he has little to do with Mr. Maurice Hewlett's story. The real business begins when Gunnar, whom Ogmund impersonated for his own evil purposes, flies through the forest into Sweden, and comes upon the charcoal-burners, as a god might do, out of the unknown. This is some distance into the book, and after a beginning that is, as the beginning of Viking stories go, really rather commonplace. Lest readers should be tempted not to persevere past Ogmund to Gunnar, we hasten to say that the adventures of Frey and his wife, when arrived at, are excellent, and well worth a little patience at the outset. Frey was a god, who lived in a temple and received human sacrifices, and was wedded to a human wife. It did not take the virile Gunnar, once attached to the temple, very long to find the measure of both god and woman, the woman being young and fair, and the god no more than a painted image. It would not be playing the game to tell how neatly Mr. Hewlett has developed his plot, nor what was the end of Frey, or the beginning of Gunnar's wedded happiness. "Frey and His Wife" (Ward, Lock) is a minor novel, but the hand of the major novelist is evident in its construction.

"As It Chanced." Hey for Galloping Dick and the high toby, and the jolly days when the flame of chivalry burned high in the heart of a gallant highwayman! Who can do this sort of thing quite as handsomely as Mr. Marriott Watson? His rogue is a perfect gentleman, an ensample for all time to champions of ladies in distress; and his sword-play (of course) is the very dickens. His autobiography teems with such passages as "Dick Ryder was never one to see hands laid upon a woman and stand idle," or "In no time I had him pinned 'twixt the shoulder-blades." He is to be found on the Weymouth road, or frolicking in Bristol town, or drinking gaily at the "Anchor" at Liphook, on the Portsmouth road. He cuts and comes again with the High Sheriff of Somerset; he rescues maidens from a wicked guardian, and chaperons them to my Lady in town; he wipes out a roomful of Doones engaged in their favourite pastime of tossing babes on sword-points. Mr. Marriott Watson's imagination never fails him, and Galloping Dick suffers from no lack of high adventure. It comes, therefore, with a shock to find he is switched off at the end of the seventh story, and that the rest of "As It Chanced" (Methuen) is made up of other assorted tales containing modern things such as rifles and railway trains. They are good stories too; but we are sorry to lose our gentleman of the road.

"Youth Unconquerable." The absurdities of "Youth Unconquerable" (Heinemann) are in keeping with its joyous title; no matter what the intentions of the author may have been, it would be a poor-spirited creature who would take his novel seriously, or quarrel with his gay improbabilities. It is just a light-hearted, nimble-witted book, that dances in and out of extravagant situations, and has a way of letting loose pertinent reflections on life and things in general, brilliantly and unexpectedly, in the middle of its fooling. The experience of Cherry Hawthorn in Wales is melodrama; but the scene in court that follows it shows clever observation of learned counsel, expressed with a very nice shade of humour. Mr. Percy Ross does not, probably, in the least degree believe in this beautiful heroine of his, who gains a First at Oxford, and has hair golden as a dream, and wears Doucet gowns, and is penniless, and is adored by a Duke. (It is a breathless description, but not half as breathless as Cherry herself in her adventures.) We repeat, it is unlikely that Mr. Ross believes in her; but he has the pleasant effrontery, nevertheless, to make her alive, and to insist that she shall engage our sympathy. It is, of course, all nonsense. There never was such a young woman as Cherry, nor such a young man as Torquil Arisaig, the Duke of Skye. We smile at them; but we do not cease to read their story until "Youth Unconquerable" comes to an end.

All who have occasion to study the Press systematically, for advertisement of other papers, derive indispensable aid from the "Newspaper Press Directory" (C. Mitchell and Co.), of which the new edition for 1916 is the seventy-first annual issue. As a directory it is notable for accuracy, comprehensiveness, and good arrangement. It gives particulars of all papers and periodicals published in the British Isles, and also of numerous Continental, American, Indian, and Colonial papers. But the volume is something more than a mere directory. Interesting articles are also included on such questions as the general trade policy of the Empire in the light of the war, the science of advertising, and the trend of the modern Press, as well as obituary notices, with portraits, of several distinguished newspaper proprietors who have recently died.

THE LAST OF THE "L 15": THE DESTROYED ZEPPELIN PHOTOGRAPHED JUST BEFORE SHE SANK.

REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "DAILY MAIL."



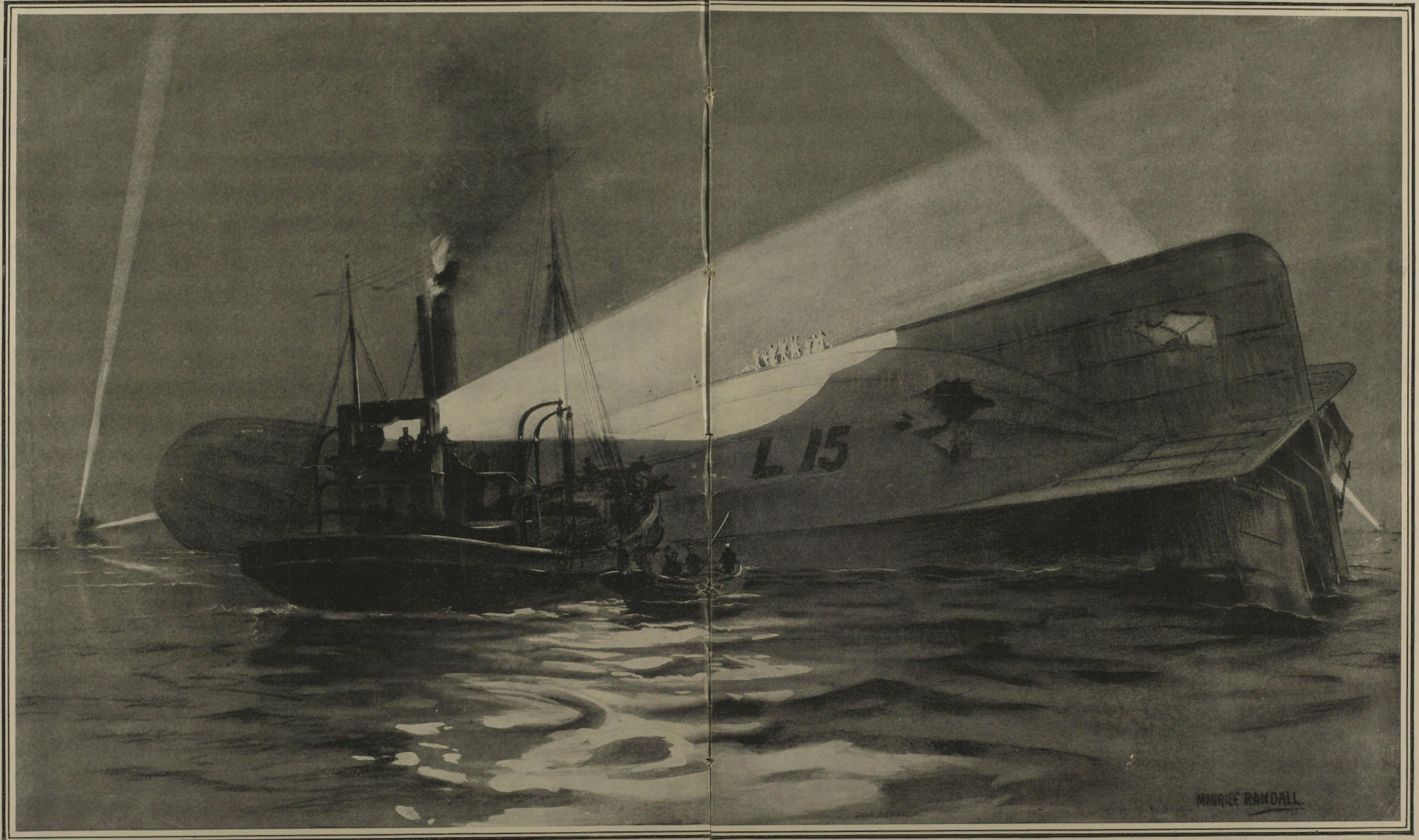
THE "L 15" LYING SOMEWHERE OFF THE KENTISH COAST AFTER HAVING BEEN BROUGHT DOWN: THE WRECKAGE JUST BEFORE IT DISAPPEARED BENEATH THE WAVES.

As mentioned under our double-page drawing elsewhere in this Number, showing the rescue of the crew of the Zeppelin "L 15" by a British patrol-boat, she was hit by gun-fire while over the Eastern Counties during the raid on the night of March 31—April 1. In the Admiralty's account of her surrender to the British patrol-boats, it was stated that "she was taken in tow, but she subsequently broke up and sank." In comparing the above photograph with our drawing, it must be remembered that the photograph was taken at a later stage of the proceedings than that represented in the drawing, and

from the other side of the wrecked airship. A special correspondent of the "Times" wrote after an interview with an official at Sheerness Dockyard: "Soon after the crew was removed the Zeppelin showed signs of becoming an absolute wreck, and, in spite of the efforts of those in charge of the salvage operations, she sank. Had she not broken up, there was a chance that she would have been towed ashore. The official expressed the opinion that it was quite possible that the German crew, seeing they were likely to be saved, made sure that the Zeppelin would sink."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A RAIDING ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN IN THE THAMES ESTUARY: THE "L 15" SURRENDERS TO A PATROL-BOAT.

DRAWN BY MAURICE RANDALL FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



H.M.S. "OLIVINE" GOING TO THE RESCUE OF THE WRECKED AIR-RAIDERS: SAVING THE CREW OF THE ZEPPELIN "L 15."

The Zeppelin "L 15" was brought down during the first of the recent air-raids on three successive nights. The story of her capture was given in the official communiqués as follows. On the morning of April 1 the Admiralty announced: "During the night a damaged Zeppelin was observed to come down off the Thames estuary; on being approached by our patrol-vessels she surrendered; the crew were taken off her, and she was taken in tow, but she subsequently broke up and sank." Later, the War Office stated: "The Zeppelin reported by the Admiralty to have fallen into the sea was the 'L 15.' She was hit by gun-fire while over the Eastern Counties, the shell striking the upper part of the ship near the tail. After being hit she quickly dropped to a lower altitude, well down by the tail, and finally came down into the sea off the coast of Kent. A machine-gun, some ammunition, a petrol-tank riddled with shrapnel, and some machinery were dropped either by this vessel or by another of the raiders." In another announcement issued by the War Office on April 2, and describing Lieut. Brandon's aeroplane-attack on a Zeppelin on the night of March 31—April 1, it was stated: "This may have been the Zeppelin which dropped the machine-gun, ammunition, petrol-tank,

and machinery, or possibly that which came down off the Thames estuary." The task of rescuing the crew of the wrecked airship fell to the steam-ship "Olivine," commanded by Lieut. W. R. Macintosh, R.N.R. One account states that the Zeppelin was observed at about 3.30 a.m. on April 1 floating on the sea, with the crew on top of the envelope. As the "Olivine" approached they held up their hands in sign of surrender, and were taken on board. There were 2 officers and 17 men; one man had been drowned when the airship fell into the sea. Later, the survivors were transferred to another ship, which landed them at Chatham. A well-known Dutch journalist who visited them there, Mr. John Van der Veer, London editor of the "Amsterdam Telegraaf," writes: "It appeared that the Germans expected to be shot when caught, for we learned that as soon as the prisoners arrived at Chatham the German officer in command told the British officers: 'I take all the responsibility upon myself; my men are not responsible.' Upon this he was informed that they would be treated as ordinary prisoners of war. . . . How agreeable it must have been for these prisoners to find themselves . . . treated kindly and civilly."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WHERE THE RUSSIANS CAPTURED SOME 13,000 TURKS: THE FALL OF ERZERUM, THE CHIEF STRONGHOLD OF ARMENIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



1. THE WONDERFUL MOUNTAIN MARCH OF THE RUSSIAN AGAINST ERZERUM; THE ADVANCE-GUARD ON THE SNOW-CLAD SLOPES AWAITING THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK.

2. A MODERN GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE IN A CITY FOUNDED BY THE ROMAN EMPEROR THEODOSIUS; THE HOUSE OF THE VALI AT ERZERUM, AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE RUSSIAN.

On other pages of this Number we give drawings illustrating the magnificent exploit of the Russian Army of the Caucasus in capturing Erzerum, after almost incredible efforts in traversing frozen mountains and storming a ring of powerful forts. The description of the final assaults which we have there quoted from the "Russkoye Slovo," concludes with a few words as to the city itself and its condition. "We got Erzerum," the writer says, "nearly intact. Bounded by a triple ravine, by a high wall crowned with forts and bristling with guns, surrounded by three rows of forts, the town fell into our power nearly untouched. The Turks fled north-westward towards Ildiz. Only near the funnel of the Kara gate were some stores of shells blown up." An official Russian communique stated: "The exact number of Turkish prisoners (taken at Erzerum) is 235 officers and 12,723 men. . . . Turkish

3. IN THE CITY WHOSE KEYS HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA: ONE OF THE GATES OF ERZERUM. ITS FINE PILLARS SLIGHTLY DAMAGED BY SHRAPNEL.

4. MEN WHO COMPLAINED THAT THEIR HEADQUARTERS STAFF WERE IN THE HANDS OF GERMANS: SOME OF THE 13,000 TURKISH PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE RUSSIAN AT ERZERUM.

officer and soldier prisoners complain bitterly that their Headquarters Staff was concentrated in the hands of Germans. The latter during the assault on the fortress of Erzerum were the first to abandon the fortified positions, causing a panic and disorder among the already shaken Turkish troops." Erzerum is a city of considerable antiquity. It was known in Roman times as Theodosiopolis, after the Emperor Theodosius the Younger, who founded the city about 375 A.D. A town grew up round it which was called Arzen (a common Armenian pronunciation), changed later by the Turks into Erzerou-Rum (Rum of the Romans). Before the war it had a population of over 40,000, including 10,000 Armenians, many of whom, it is said, have been massacred by the Kurds. On March 16 the keys of Erzerum and nine captured Turkish standards were presented to the Tsar at Petrograd.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AN article in *Der Tag*, by Hermann von Rath, contains among other things a denial of the alleged German food-deficiency—a denial which may be correct for all I know, or for all I very much care. But it contains also the following rather fascinating comment: "The unexpectedly long duration of the war has failed to affect either the iron discipline of our troops or their chivalrous war-methods. But our enemies must not deceive themselves as to what will happen if there is real scarcity. Then the *furor teutonicus* would reveal itself in all its violence. A desperate rage would take the place of the fight for existence. All scruples would be abandoned in the passionate impulse to achieve an end of the war by terrifying horrors." So now, it will be generally agreed, we know what to expect. We must be careful to keep Germany supplied with sufficient food for the conduct of her campaign against us, or she may be tempted to conduct that campaign in an improper manner. In some transport of rage, for instance, she may yet find herself violating the neutrality of some small neighbouring State. She may yet be driven to some new and dreadful expedient, such as sinking a liner. Under the insupportable provocation of the remissness of our supplies, fiends may whisper to her suggestions which would now seem to her unthinkable, such as corrupting the politics of America or poisoning the springs of Africa. She might bombard a watering-place when it was entirely unfortified. She might even shoot a hospital nurse for being a humanitarian. It may seem morbid thus to imagine the details of so distant and hypothetical a nightmare; but it is only by seeing them in a vision, almost as if they had really happened, that we can make vivid the value of that necessity for the German commissariat which is among the first of our national duties. To tell the truth, I do not know very well what to say about Hermann von Rath and his remark. I fear I only weaken it by comment.

But there is embedded amid its wilder beauties a phrase which can more or less be taken seriously, and which is not without its interest. Von Rath remarks, "The unexpectedly long duration of the war has failed to affect either the iron discipline of our troops or their chivalrous war-methods." With the last observation, of course, it is easy enough to agree. From the first moment when the German invaders poured, looting, raping, and torturing, past the ruins of Liège, their chivalrous war-methods have certainly remained unchanged. But the earlier part of the sentence deserves a little more logical analysis. It would be very interesting to know exactly what von Rath realises and intends when he speaks of "the unexpected length of the war." It is the official German theory that Germany, so far from expecting anything touching the end of the war, did not expect the war at all. Germany, according to this theory, did not look forward to being attacked suddenly; and it would be much more absurd to suppose that she looked forward to being defeated suddenly. The destruction of the German Empire may have been an

unscrupulous task, but no one can imagine a German admitting that it could ever have been an easy one. We shall be safe in assuming, therefore, that it was not the prolonged German resistance that was unexpected. What has surprised the German writer, therefore, is the prolonged resistance of the Allies. And when we have grasped this fact we shall have grasped the key to the whole story of Prussia and the world to-day.

I confess that for me personally there was never anything unexpected about the prolongation of the war. I never thought Hell an easy city to take. The only legitimate effect that prolongation can have is a ratification. As it reveals link after link of the chain of enslavement these men have wound round the world, it adds reason upon reason for unwinding it to its last coil. Her bad conduct was only a reason

decreed long before the war. Italy had long been eliminated; and as for France, her power for a long time had been only a matter of tradition." The Germans found traces of this tradition on the road to Paris, especially in the town of Guise, with its picturesque historic memory; and so strong was the local influence of the legend that the Germans recoiled for a considerable distance before an army of half their size. Later, and a little further south, the tradition was so strong that they themselves fell into the quaint old custom of turning sharply to the left and retreating very precipitately across the River Marne and the River Ourcq. A mere tradition has held them ever since behind the line of the Aisne; but a revival of interest in the remote past drove them back yet further over a great space of Champagne. And to-day the Tradition stands astride of the Meuse, like some fabulous Colossus: and the Tradition will not move.



IN THEIR NEW STEEL HELMETS: CANADIANS LUNCHING IN A TRENCH ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau; supplied by the Central News.

for fighting Prussia; but her good organisation is a reason for destroying her. It is true that the unnatural and temporary power of Prussia is not really so much due to its organisation of itself as to its disorganisation of the recognised system of Christendom. She would have had little pleasure or profit even out of being a tyrant to her people if she had not been an anarchy among her neighbours. Nevertheless, the majority of her critics, including myself, would be content to tolerate a certain exaggeration in the praise of her discipline, if it meant a redoubling of the efforts against her power. But she herself had no such belief in the danger of under-rating an enemy. She has, in fact, reduced under-rating the enemy to a philosophy. All her intellectuals were deliberately taught to regard a European war not as what it obviously is—the collision of great and incalculable powers, at a frightful risk to all of them; but as a war between one race which is always growing stronger and other races which are always growing weaker. "After the war," says the Privy Councillor Muthesius, "there will be two worlds—the sinking Latin world and the rising Germanic world. No one is any longer in doubt as to which of these worlds the future belongs. Victory by the Germanic world was

to break it, as they are trying to break Verdun. They write "Gold" on something that is only brass; and then they try to negotiate with it, as they are trying to negotiate with their educational culture in Turkey. They are sure that a Greek is a sort of fossil; and they will not alter their mind although the fossil moves. They are sure that an Italian is a kind of mummy; and they would not disbelieve, though one rose from the dead. They were certain they knew the drugs that would soothe Belgium and silence England; and, like some pig-headed physician in Molière, they did not care if they accorded with the case so long as they accorded with the pharmacopœia. They still insist that the British Army is at this moment very small, and entirely mercenary and plebeian, though it lies in front of their noses for miles and miles. It was so in the books from which alone they can learn. There is one true phrase in the article of Muthesius from which I have quoted—I mean the fact that, while he dismisses France as merely a Tradition, he speaks of the necessity of preaching and preserving "The German legend." For a legend, in that sense, is a tradition that is not true.

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WELCOMED TO LONDON: A ROYAL ALLY FROM THE NEAR EAST.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. VANDYK.



PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN THIS COUNTRY: THE SERBIAN CROWN PRINCE REGENT.

The Serbian Crown Prince, whose visit to this country has caused so much interest from the very moment at which he was received at Charing Cross by Prince Albert on behalf of the King, has had a career of unusual nature. He was born at Cetinje, in exile, in 1888. When he took up practical work, he studied law; and then, in 1909, on his brother, Prince George, renouncing his rights, he became a soldier. He won a considerable reputation in the field in the war in Turkey in 1912, and the Balkan War

of the following year. The experience thus gained proved of great value to him when, in the summer of 1914, he became Regent, owing to the illness of his father, King Peter. When Serbia mobilised against Austria, he took supreme command. On Saturday, April 1, the King and Queen gave a luncheon-party in honour of the Crown Prince Regent, and on the afternoon of the same day he visited Queen Alexandra. It has been said of the Prince that his career as a soldier has been one long record of gallantry.

THE "MIRACLE" OF ERZERUM: RUSSIANS ACHIEVING THE "IMPOSSIBLE."

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR ARTIST IN RUSSIA, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



"THEY EVEN DRAGGED UP, NOT MOUNTAIN-GUNS, BUT FIELD-GUNS!" HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS ECLIPSED.

In our last Number we gave two other drawings by Mr. Seppings-Wright illustrating the marvellous feat of the Russian Army of the Caucasus in storming the forts of Erzerum after an advance through frozen and snow-clad mountains. There has since appeared, in the Moscow paper, "Russkoye Slovo," a graphic account of this great achievement, which, incidentally, corroborates our artist's narrative and drawings. "The impossible," says the writer, "was achieved by us here. . . . In the South the whole region is covered with mountains, which rise to a height of 10,000 ft., and there is a complete absence of roads. Thinking this region impassable to any important force, the Turkish

staff entrusted its defence chiefly to Kurds. . . . The Russian troops succeeded in reaching the summit in face of a blinding snowstorm and intense cold. By a kind of miracle (the whole storming of Erzerum was a miracle) they even dragged up, not mountain-guns, but field-guns! Camels transported shells for the guns, together with cartridges and food. . . . the order was given to advance from Kargabazar and to attack the heights between Tafta and Karagubek. We advanced in three columns, the men . . . dragging the guns. Reaching the edge of the plateau, our men slid down the slope amid cries of 'To Erzerum!'"—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

HACKING UP ICE TO AN ERZERUM FORT: STORMING KARAGUBEK.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR ARTIST IN RUSSIA, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



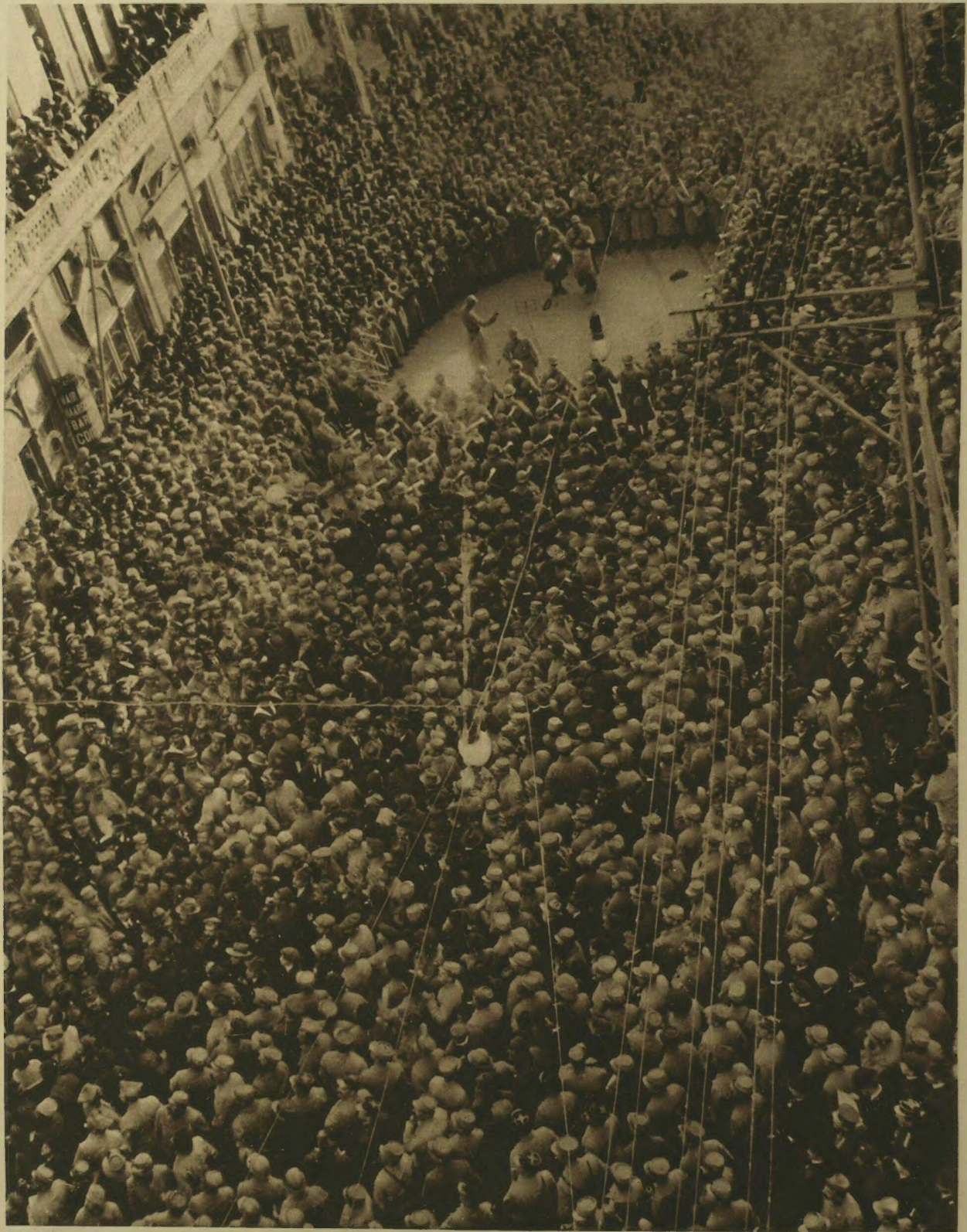
WHERE THE TURKS HAD SPRAYED WATER ON THE SNOW, WHICH FROZE INTO GLACIER-LIKE HUMMOCKS: RUSSIAN SOLDIERS SMASHING THE ICE WITH AXE, PICK, RIFLE-BUTT, AND BAYONET.

The above drawing shows the actual storming by the Russians of the ice-protected fort of Karagubek, near Erzerum, the approach to which was illustrated in a double-page drawing in our last Number. Through the smoke of bursting shells in the background the Turkish flag, with star and crescent, may be dimly discerned floating over the fort, soon to be replaced by the Russian colours. Describing the scene, our artist writes: "The attacking troops were exposed to a tremendous shell fire not only from Karagubek, but also from the other forts. A new development awaited them at the top. Just

beneath the walls here, the Turks had been busy for days spraying water on the snow. This froze, making the surface like a glacier, or like the Polar ice—hummocky, and very slippery. Here the losses were greatest, for with axe, pick, rifle-butts, bayonets—anything—this solid mass had to be broken up before the breaches in the walls were reached. During this operation the enemy took the opportunity of hurling bombs, huge stones, and any sort of missile. Nothing daunted, the Russian heroes forced the gates, and the citadel was captured."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN SALONIKA: A CONCERT IN THE OPEN.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU; SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



STEEL-HELMETED MUSICIANS: A FRENCH MILITARY BAND PLAYING TO AN AUDIENCE OF SOLDIERS.

Music is the universal language, and that, perhaps, is one reason, in addition to the abilities of the players, why the French military band which gives a concert in Salonika every Sunday afternoon draws such a multitude of appreciative listeners. It has been said that those in Salonika at the present time hear, in half an hour, French, Greek,

Turkish, Jew-Spanish, and every British dialect from Western Irish to East Yorkshire, so the popularity of the universal language of music, the Esperanto of beautiful sounds, may be easily understood in the case of so cosmopolitan an audience. The band itself is of the highest technical excellence, and charms critics as well as members of the general public.

TOO FINE TO BE DESTROYED: SAN FRANCISCO'S EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RECORD PRESS



ARCHITECTURAL GLORIES OF THE GREAT PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT SAN FRANCISCO: THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS, WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO PRESERVE.

Many buildings erected for modern exhibitions are of such beauty that it would seem like vandalism, of the most German type, to destroy them when they have served the particular purpose for which they were designed. This is especially true of the beautiful Palace of Fine Arts in the great Exhibition at San Francisco, held to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. This World's Fair has eclipsed all predecessors in size and magnificence. The grounds comprise some 635 acres, and the total cost of site and buildings amounted to about £10,000,000. The Palace of Fine Arts itself, generally acknowledged to be the gem of the Exhibition, cost 671,000 dollars (about £134,200). It

is built in Roman style, with a harmonising strain of Pompeian and Italian forms, facing a lagoon and describing an arc of 1110 feet in its outside perimeter. The galleries are of permanent steel and concrete construction. The Exhibition was opened on February 20, 1915, at a signal from President Wilson, given by pressing a button in the White House at Washington. Great Britain was not officially represented, but many excellent British exhibits were placed in the Departments of Manufactures, Machinery, and Liberal Arts. Germany was not officially represented either, and her intended exhibit of educational methods—an object-lesson in Kultur!—was abandoned.

"UNITY OF ACTION AND UNITY OF FRONT": THE HISTORIC CONFERENCE OF THE ALLIES IN PARIS.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. SIMONT FOR A HISTORICAL

PICTURE, MADE FROM HIS OWN SKETCHES AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



ASSEMBLED TO "AFFIRM THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY OF VIEWS AND SOLIDARITY OF THE

The first sitting of the general Conference of the Allies was held in Paris on the morning of March 27, under the presidency of the French Premier, M. Briand. The meeting took place in the Grand Salon on the ground floor of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, on the Quai d'Orsay. In the self-same room, whose windows overlook the Seine, the Treaty of Peace after the Crimean War was drawn up just sixty years ago, on March 29, 1856. The first resolution, adopted unanimously, stated: "The representatives of the Allied Governments assembled in Paris on March 27 and 28, 1916, affirm the entire community of views and solidarity of the Allies. They confirm all the measures taken to realise unity of action and unity of front. By this they mean at once military unity of action . . . economic unity of action . . . and diplomatic unity of action, which is guaranteed by their unshakable determination to pursue the struggle to the victory of their common cause." The details of the Conference were, of course, kept secret. The delegates sat at four tables arranged

ALLIES": EIGHT NATIONS REPRESENTED AT THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

quadrilaterally. The figures at the end table are (from left to right) M. Bourgeois, General Roques (French Minister of War), M. Briand, Admiral Lacaze, and General Joffre. At the table on the left in the picture (reading from right to left) are M. Albert Thomas (French Minister of Munitions), M. J. Cambon (France), M. de Broqueville (Belgium), Baron Beyens (Belgium), General Wilemans (Belgium), Mr. Asquith, Lord Bertie (British Ambassador in Paris), Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Kitchener (on the extreme left in the corner). At the table in the foreground (from left to right) are General Sir W. Robertson (next to Lord Kitchener), and four of the Italian delegates—Signor Salandra, Signor Titti, Baron Sonnino, and General Cadorna. At the table on the right in the drawing (from front to back) are General Dail (Italian Minister for Munitions), Mr. Matsui (Japan), Senhor Chagas (Portugal), M. Ivolosky (Russia), General Jilinsky (Russia—standing); four Serbian delegates—M. Pashitch, Dr. Vessitch, M. Yovanovitch, General Pashitch—and General de Castelnau (France).—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.

A SERVICE FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS IN A SHELL-TORN CHURCH IN NORTHERN FRANCE—THE VILLAGE PRIEST ATTENDING.

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THE BATTLE OF VERDUN: THE GERMAN NORTHERN ATTACK—INCIDENTS.



IN A WOOD NEAR FORT VAUX: WHEN THE FRENCH SCOUTS WERE CREEPING FORWARD AMONG THE SHOT AND SHELL-TORN TREES, TO WATCH THE ENEMY.



FRENCH INFANTRY ADVANCING AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL COUNTER-ATTACK AT LOUVEMONT, NORTH OF DOUAUMONT: ON THE HEELS OF THE DISAPPEARING ENEMY.

It was in the neighbourhood of Fort Vaux, to the north-east of Verdun, city, that the Germans delivered the fiercest of their February onslaughts at Verdun. They were repulsed; and after that the remnants of the attacking columns fell back a short way and took cover, being, meanwhile, closely watched by the French. Isolated French scouts crept forward to keep the enemy in view, as seen in the upper photograph, making their way on hands and knees among the debris of shell-shattered tree-trunks and branches in the woods round Vaux. In the lower photograph the French are seen pursuing the

enemy after the successful counter-attack at Louvemont (on February 25). The German columns charged out near Beaumont, but after a severe fight were beaten back by the French troops holding the sector at Louvemont and Bezonvaux, a mile and a half north of Douaumont. The figures along the background are the rearmost of the retreating Germans. According to a French semi-official communiqué, the Germans, on the night of March 31, got possession of the ruins of the village of Vaux, but the French continued to hold Vaux fort, overlooking it.

THE "ALCANTARA"—"GREIF" DUEL: A NORTH SEA FIGHT TO A FINISH.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS, FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS SUPPLIED BY THE FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



WHERE BRITISH GUNNERY WON THE BATTLE AND A GERMAN UNDERWATER BLOW SANK THE VICTOR: THE FINAL SCENE IN THE ACTION BETWEEN THE "ALCANTARA" (LEFT) AND THE "GREIF."

The fiercely fought duel between the "Alcantara" and the "Greif," a large, numerously manned, and exceptionally heavily armed vessel on the lines of the notorious Atlantic commerce-raider "Moewe," is thus officially described in the Admiralty account of the battle: "An engagement took place on February 29 in the North Sea between a German raider, 'Greif,' disguised as a Norwegian merchant-vessel, and H.M.'s Armed Merchant-Cruiser 'Alcantara' (Captain T. E. Wardle, R.N.). The engagement resulted in the loss of both vessels (the German 'raider' being sunk by gun-fire, and the 'Alcantara' appa-

rently by a torpedo). Five German officers and 115 men were picked up and made prisoners out of a total complement that is believed to have been over 300. The British losses amounted to five officers and 69 men. It should be noted that during the whole of the engagement the enemy fired over the Norwegian colours painted on the side of the ship." It would appear from published narratives that the "Alcantara" raked and sank the "Greif" by gun-fire after ten minutes' action. In the illustration the "Greif" is on the right, and the "Alcantara" on the left.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



REVISED JOURNAL OF FIVE THOUSAND MILES, GENERAL THE ARABIAN ALI, 1915.



PONDING THE REMAINS, THE EGYPTIAN'S BARGE IN CHEMISTRY BURNED BY ORDER OF THE LANCETIAN.



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA TREATISE ON MEDICINE: RMAZES, THE ARABIAN PHYSICIAN.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

RATS AND MICE ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE AND FLANDERS.

OUR armies in the field, and those of our Allies in the Western theatre of war, have exhibited marvellous powers of endurance, not merely as against the manifold engines of destruction devised by an enemy of unparalleled ferocity, but also against the vicissitudes of climate. And lately they have been subjected to further trials in the form of an invasion of rats and mice, which now swarm in the trenches.

So far as I can gather, the former have proved the worst pest in the trenches of the French, which seem to have been invaded by numbers which have now become really formidable; while the trenches we hold in Flanders have been invaded by field-mice, which, so far, do not seem to have caused any serious annoyance, though they may very well do so in the near future. Matters are quite otherwise, however, in regard to the rats, which, in hordes, not only eat up whatever food they can find in their midnight forays, but also boots, and every other article of leather within reach. But worse than this, they bite sleeping men sadly in need of rest, and even destroy the five-franc notes in the sleepers' pockets. At any rate, this is the account given in the January issue of *La Nature*.

But, apart from the annoyance these loathsome animals cause, their presence is a source of danger to the troops thus harassed. For they are the bearers of bubonic plague, which they transfer by means of fleas. Besides, they cause enormous trouble, expense, and many deaths, by serving as the host of the small worm, *Trichinella spiralis*, which they transfer through pigs to men. They are also carriers of equine influenza and of foot-and-mouth disease. Hence there can be no doubt but that the presence of these pests in the trenches is a source of grave danger, both to the men and horses engaged in the present titanic struggle.

All this is thoroughly realised by the French authorities, who are making strenuous efforts to exterminate these unwelcome invaders. Danyz virus is being extensively used, and we shall be interested to learn with what success, for when employed in this country, it has not given the results expected of it. The use of phosphorus, strychnine, and arsenic is tabooed because of the danger to the human occupants of the trenches. Instead, an excellent substitute seems to have been discovered in powdered squills, mixed with meat

or cheese, for this seems effectually to kill rats without endangering the lives of men. Various kinds of traps and the services of a number of terriers have also been requisitioned. From one source or another, it is thus plain that these uninvited and most unwelcome guests are in for a very harassing time!



A TALE OF TAILS! AN OFFICIAL RAT-CATCHER OF THE FRENCH TRENCHES DELIVERING HIS TROPHIES TO A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

Rats infest the trenches to such an extent that the military authorities have had to adopt special measures to deal with them. The French Army has appointed rat-catchers, who pursue the ubiquitous rodent with dogs. They receive a penny, it is said, for every rat's tail brought in. In the British trenches, too, ratting has become quite a popular and very necessary sport. Hundreds of ferrets have been brought over for the purpose.

Photograph by C.N.

The factors which have brought about this disconcerting state of affairs can be determined with a fair amount of precision. The original invaders

were, probably, "refugees" driven out from their homes by the destruction of the houses, barns, and ricks which gave them shelter. Finding an abundance of provender on the battlefields and in the trenches, they proceeded to multiply at an even greater rate than normally, and rats are sexually mature before they have attained to physical maturity. Added to this, these animals display an amazing power of adapting themselves to circumstances. They are equally at home on board ship or in our houses, in farm buildings or in sewers, or in the open fields; while they can stand every conceivable climate, except extreme cold. They dig, swim, climb, and run with equal facility, and can, in turn, assume, with equal indifference, the rôle of rodent or carnivore. They are not given to useless conflicts with their own species, and in times of stress will combine to subdue game far above the powers of a single member of their own race.

As in Great Britain, so in France, there are two species of rats. One of these is the Black, or Ship rat, (*Epimys rattus*), and the other the Brown, or Common rat (*Epimys Norvegicus*), the "surmulot" of the French. We may assume, with tolerable certainty, that the plague now infesting the trenches of our Allies is caused by the last-named species. The black rat, which is represented in Great Britain by at least two, or, according to some authorities, three sub-species, has been almost exterminated by the larger, more aggressive, brown rat, except only in certain localities. The black rat, which, by the way, ranges in colour from uniform dusky to brown, may readily be distinguished from the brown rat—internal anatomical characters apart—by its smaller size, larger ears, and longer tail. During prehistoric times, it seems to have been distributed over most of Europe, and then to have become extinct. Unhappily, it was reintroduced from the East, during the thirteenth century, by the navies of the Crusaders. The invasion of Europe by the brown rat did not take place till early in the eighteenth century, and came also from the East, but in less distinguished company. Apparently it spread, as the Germans did, through the channels of commerce. Equalling their smaller rivals in prolificness, and exceeding them in "Kultur"—that is to say, in adapting themselves to the demands of whatever environment they invade—they speedily enforced the doctrine that Might is Right. They are now, it would seem, endeavouring to establish this rule on the battlefields of France; but here, as with their yet more formidable rivals in the guise of men, they will assuredly suffer defeat. W. P. PYCRAFT.



RATting AS A BRANCH OF MILITARY SCIENCE: AN OFFICIAL FRENCH RAT-CATCHER, WITH HIS TERRIER AND THE "BAG."

Photograph by C.N.

RAIDERS BOMB A GERMAN MUNITIONS-FACTORY: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ATTACKING 'PLANES.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



THE MOMENT WHEN THE FIRST FIRES BROKE OUT: PAGNY PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A FRENCH AEROPLANE AT A HEIGHT OF 1800 FEET.



TAKEN BY THE SAME AIRMAN AS No. 1, FLYING A LITTLE LOWER AND LOOKING NORTH-WEST: THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FIRES.



THE FIRES INCREASING IN STRENGTH: A THIRD PHOTOGRAPH, LOOKING NORTH. BY THE SAME AIRMAN AS THE FIRST TWO.



THE FIRES IN FULL BLAST, SEEN FROM A LOWER ALTITUDE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A LITTLE LATER BY ANOTHER AIRMAN AT A HEIGHT OF 1600 FEET.

The indomitable French airmen have been very energetic of late, both in bombarding the enemy's positions and in engaging his machines in battle in the air. March 29, for example, was a particularly successful day for them. An official communiqué issued in Paris on March 30 stated: "During yesterday one of our aeroplane squadrons dropped 15 bombs of large calibre on the railway station of Metz-Sablon and 5 on that of Pagny-sur-Moselle. Last night two of our aeroplanes bombarded the station of Maisières-les-Metz." Another communiqué, issued later in the same day, said: "In the course of the day our airmen displayed great activity. In Champagne, in the region of Dontrien, one of our

pilots brought down a Fokker, which fell in flames in the enemy lines." The above photographs were taken during a previous French air-raid thus mentioned in a communiqué of February 22: "A squadron of 28 machines threw numerous projectiles on the enemy munitions-factory at Pagny-sur-Moselle." The four photographs, showing the success of the bombardment, were taken by two of the French airmen, who manoeuvred above the burning buildings in order to verify the results obtained. The arrows on the photographs indicate the direction of the north in each case. In Photograph No. 2 the railway is seen towards the left; and on the right the river Moselle, with the canal alongside it.

CAUGHT BY THE DAZZLING GLARE: A NIGHT LISTENING-PATROL IN DANGER.

DRAWN BY

A. FORESTIER.



THEIR ONLY CHANCE—TO LIE FACE DOWNWARDS, PISTOL IN HAND! THE EFFECT

The brilliant, irradiating glare brought about between the trenches by one of the German light-producing projectiles is vividly shown here. Like effects are given by means of rockets carrying parachute light-ball shells which blaze furiously for about a minute; and by light-ball cartridges which are shot from a special pistol, with a range of 200 or 300 yards, and give out an intensely bright flare for 10 or 15 seconds. The rockets show little light during half their flight. Then they blaze out furiously. As will be noticed, the tail of light ceases at the top of the flight-curve. There is a dark gap between it and the blaze. In that way the space between the trenches becomes as light as by day for observation or for artillery

OF A GERMAN LIGHT-SHELL ROCKET BURSTING BETWEEN THE TRENCH-LINES.

to see their mark. In the illustration the German trenches are to the right, close behind the staked barbed wire. In the foreground, lying down flat, faces to the ground, that the white of their faces may not betray their presence under the glare to watching eyes along the enemy's lines, are two members of a British "listening-patrol" trapped in the open by the sudden glare. Away to the left are visible the British wire entanglements and trench-line, from which the listening-patrol had crept. Immediately their surroundings were lighted up, as seen, the only chance for men in the open would be to throw themselves flat. The pair have their pistols ready for use if discovered. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, MACLE AND FOX, HANANO, JERROLD, HILLS AND SAUNDERS, AND HAGON.



LIEUT.-COL. REGINALD W. FOX,
Devonshire Regiment. Son of late Mr.
Charles Fox and Mrs. Fox, Shute Leigh,
Wellington, Somerset.



LT.-COMM. H. DOUTY EDWARDS,
D.S.O., R.N.,
Son of Lieut. C. R. Edwards, R.A.M.C.,
and Mrs. Edwards, Cambridge.



MAJOR FRANK ROBINSON TEESDALE,
Cavalry Brigade Staff, Frontier Force,
Indian Army. Has been officially re-
ported killed.



CAPTAIN G. B. S. WALROND,
Somerset Light Infantry. Officially re-
ported killed in action. Was promoted
Captain in September last.



2ND LT. TOPHAM BECHER D. HOUGH,
East Yorkshire Regiment. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Topham H. Hough, of Brid-
lington.



CAPT. AND ADJT. THE HON. SYDNEY
JAMES DREVER JOICEY,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Third son of
Lord Joicey. Was M.A., Cambridge.



CAPTAIN J. L. MITCHELL,
Royal Field Artillery. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Hugh Mitchell, of Pitlochry, and
Edinburgh.



2ND LIEUT. ERIC A. W. WOOD,
Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Son of
Dr. Arthur Wood, I.P., "Woodroffe,"
Halifax.



CAPTAIN W. MEADE FOWLE,
Royal Engineers. Mentioned in Viscount
French's despatches. Son of late Colonel
F. T. Fowle, C.B., Royal Artillery.



CAPTAIN ARNOLD H. BURROWS,
Northamptonshire Regiment. Son of Rev.
J. Burrows, Barrister House, Raunds.
Was a master in Mercers' School, London.



CAPTAIN J. DOUGLAS WADDELL,
Royal Fusiliers. Reported missing, now
reported dead. Son of late Mr. James
Waddell, of Shenley Park, Bucks.



CAPTAIN REGINALD F. LYNCH,
Manchester Regiment. Son of late Colonel
E. J. Lynch, The Buffs, and Mrs. Lynch,
Lexham Gardens, W.



2ND LT. HERBERT BASIL NEWLAND,
Lincolnshire Regiment. Son of Rev.
F. W. Newland, M.A. Killed in action.
Aged 28.



2ND LT. THOMAS GARRETT ELKING-
TON,
Suffolk Regiment. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
Hyla Garrett Elkington, of Barnet Green.



2ND LIEUT. R. W. T. COX,
Dorsetshire Regiment. Was educated at
Merchant Taylors' School, and gained
open classical scholarship, Oxford.



2ND LIEUT. W. L. WIGAN,
Queen's Own (Royal West Kent) Regiment.
Eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wigan,
East Malling.



2ND LIEUT. GERALD WILLIAM SUCK-
LING SPENCER,
Norfolk Regiment. Died from wounds
received in action.



2ND LT. C. G. C. FISHER-BROWN,
Wiltshire Regiment. Mentioned in Sir
Ian Hamilton's despatch. Son of Mr.
F. W. Fisher-Brown.



LIEUT. DAVID RADCLIFFE,
Royal Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
F. M. Radcliffe, Anworth, Mossley Hill,
Liverpool.



2ND LIEUT. R. F. LEACROFT,
Worcestershire Regiment. Younger son
of Rev. F. R. B. and Mrs. Leacroft, of
Calgary, Alberta, Canada.



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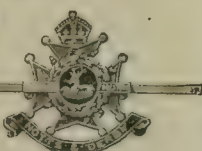
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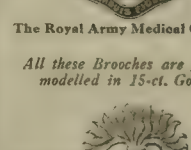
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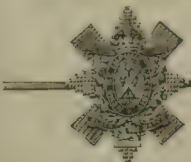
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LADIES' PAGE.

WHAT will be the position of women after the war? This was the question set herself by Mrs. Fawcett, in a paper that she read to a meeting of the Women Writers' Franchise League, with Lady Cowdray in the chair. George Eliot very truly said that "Prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error," and from the same set of facts it is possible to draw directly different conclusions. Mrs. Fawcett was quite optimistic; she thought women were sure to receive, at once, after the war, the right to vote, and would be allowed free industrial development in accordance with their now proven abilities.

Her argument was that, as women have proved themselves in the war to have so much wider capacity and more strength, both physical and mental, than most men before believed them to possess, men after the war will surely be ready to entrust work of every sort to women; and also, that shortage of men will allow women to continue to fill the vacancies. Mrs. Fenwick Miller, who is the President of the League, in moving the vote of thanks to the visiting lady speakers, maintained that women in every national



A DAINTY TULLE SHOULDER-CAPE.

Of black or white tulle and a cluster of coloured flowers in the front. The vandyked edges give a graceful effect.

emergency in history had been called out to help, and had invariably proved their capacity and willingness to render services of the utmost value; and nevertheless had been relegated afterwards to their previous condition, without a voice in the State, and kept down, by law, trade-union effort, or custom, to inferior positions only in wage-earning work. She instanced the American Civil War, in which the women (of the South no less than of the North, acting patriotically according to their lights) came forward and took up the work the fighting-men laid down, with equal devotion and success. The Northern women, in particular, formed the Women's Sanitary Commission, which did again exactly all that Miss Nightingale had already proved women could do in war, reducing chaos to order and stopping mortality. Yet their reward was that all the ignorant male negroes were admitted to the vote, while the white women, the daughters of the Pilgrims, were left still outside the Constitution.

Lady Cowdray, who took the chair at this meeting, is Hon. Treasurer of the British Women's Fund for building and equipping the "Star and Garter" Hospital at Richmond for a permanent home for disabled sailors and soldiers. The beautiful site and old hotel have been bought by the generous efforts of the Auctioneers' Association, and presented to the Queen, who handed it all over to the Red Cross Society for the purpose just mentioned. Now the idea is that the remainder of the money required to build and endow the hospital shall be raised by the women of the country, as a thank-offering from them to the men who are giving their young lives and blessed strength to defend us, our homes, and our children from the horrors of German methods of war. Though the "Star and Garter" at best can shelter and care for but a few of the many who deserve all that can be done for them—though even for them we can call it neither compensation nor consolation—yet it behoves us to show in this opportunity what we would gladly do for every man who loses, for our sakes, all that makes life worth preserving, and yet has to go on living. Lady Cowdray will receive subscriptions at the offices, 21, Old Bond Street, W.

All Miss Irene Vanbrugh's gowns in "Caroline" are built chiefly of chiffon. There is a visiting dress of pearl-grey chiffon and tulle; a one-piece gown, cut out in a long oval, extending from the throat to near the knees, which is filled in with pleated white chiffon, edged with tiny grey buttons down both sides of the oval cut, the line of which is slightly broken by a waist-belt fastened with a cameo brooch. The next frock is of white chiffon with a deep belt-corsage of brocade ribbon, the ground white, the pattern large red and black cherries and green leaves. Then there is a tea-gown, the feature of which is a very high ruff collar, very becoming, starting from the shoulder-line, and held to the throat in front by a band of pink velvet ribbon.

There is a *cachet* about Messrs. Liberty's dress productions that is visible even in their catalogues, but is far more distinctive and beautiful when the colour and details are shown in the real article. However, it is possible to choose very satisfactorily from the new illustrated booklets on "Blouses" and "Inexpensive Hats." These can be

had free by post, as well as catalogues of costumes, children's dresses, etc. Messrs. Liberty have met the demand for war economy by producing charming articles of dress at very moderate prices. The firm have long been actual producers in this country of their famous fabrics; and their velvets, silks, and velveteens are therefore absolutely independent of enemy dyes or printings. Another point is that the blouses are made to the customer's own measures at the prices quoted; while there is also a stock ready in the usual sizes. The artistic cut of the simplest blouses in heavy white washing silk makes them quite distinguished, and the rich dyes of the colour-printed Tyrian silk and the silk crêpes make charming garments. Liberty hand-embroideries add artistic touches on some of the blouses. A simple hat in raffia with a Liberty silk scarf for efficient trimming is actually to be had for three-and-sixpence.



RUFFLE AND SHOULDER-CAPE COMBINED.

Made in a shade of tulle to match the gown; trimmed with black velvet ribbon and a small bunch of fruit at the throat.

In our issue of March 25, owing to the mistake of a photographer, we published in our "Roll of Honour" page a portrait described as that of Lieut.-Col. Reginald W. Fox which was not a photograph of that officer. We give a correct portrait of Lieut.-Col. Fox in our present issue.

FLORENA.

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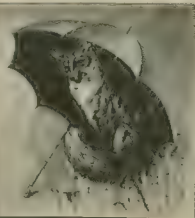
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Allcock's Plasters have no equal.
Strengthen Weak Backs
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and at the same time
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Produces Soft, Fair, Delicate Skin, and removes all Cutaneous Eruptions, Redness, Roughness, &c., 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d.

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"A Directorship never carried such a privilege as this—to help the Country in its hour of need."

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Companies have reserve funds which they will want for extension of business after the War. The Government asks them to lend their country that money to-day to carry on the War.

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The Government asks the money for five years and offers 5 % interest. The security is the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

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In terms of the Prospectus dated the 16th December, 1915, I/we hereby apply for (a) £_____ say, _____ pounds, of the above-mentioned Bonds as detailed below, and I/we agree to accept that, or any less amount which you may allot to me/us.

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(This must be signed by the applicant.)

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(a) Applications must be for not less than £100, and must be for multiples of £100.
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Applications with the relative payments may be forwarded to the Bank of England by post, either direct or through the medium of any stockbroker, or they may be lodged at any banking office in Scotland.
All arrangements regarding Exchequer Bonds can be made through the Bank of Ireland.

The Illustrated London News.

LITERATURE.

"Degenerate Germany."

In the present state of public feeling, any writer who plays the part of Devil's Advocate against Germany is sure of a hearing. No very profound research is necessary for the preparation and presentation of a black case, but that is just the reason why the case should be prepared and presented with the utmost care and scrupulosity. The Bryce Report, that masterpiece of sifted evidence, set forth recent iniquities with cold and damning conclusiveness. Equally condemnatory would be any inquiry into the causes which made the German atrocities possible, were it undertaken in the spirit of the serious historian. But such a record might easily become a mere *chronique scandaleuse*, an unsavoury larrago of prurient detail, in which all the nastiest episodes of social history were heaped together, without judicial insight or method. The result would certainly be a fearful picture, but as an indictment it would be in peril of defeating its own end. For the same method

picture will not be flattering. It is precisely because of such eclecticism that the judicious reader is somewhat disappointed with Mr. Henry de Halsalle's "Degenerate Germany" (Werner Laurie), a book written with a stern and laudable purpose, but disfigured by haste and a too evident desire to "pile up the agony." We credit the author with zeal, we admit the basic truth of his case, but a cooler handling of his material would not have sacrificed one iota of his desired effect, which is to kill for ever all thought of tenderness towards "the kindly German people." Mr. de Halsalle's picture is entirely horrible. It reeks of corruption, mediæval and modern; it is one long tale of lust and cruelty, sufficiently explanatory of the *Sale Hosche* as Europe now sees him. It will not, however, take rank as a weighty document, for reasons which the discerning reader will discover for himself; and this is greatly to be regretted, for had the material been differently handled the book might have stood on the same plane as "J'Accuse." As it is, these revelations will open the eyes of many to the origins of German degeneracy, and those who can make the necessary discounts will only be confirmed in their resolve to secure drastic terms of peace. In this respect the book must do good.

"Leaves from a Field Note-Book."

In that new literature which the war is creating, Professor J. H. Morgan's "Leaves from a Field Note-Book" (Macmillan) makes the same appeal as the writings of Ian Hay and John Buchan. It is a fusion of the novelist's and the historian's art to which we owe much, especially in days when "war correspondence" of the old vivid and picturesque type has been officially curtailed. From such work we are gradually obtaining that vision of the Front which has been so eagerly desired and so long denied. Professor Morgan's sketches are their own best recommendation. To attempt any epithet of praise seems almost an impertinence; it better befits the reviewer to offer the author humble and hearty thanks for a memorable and exquisite experience. For here is

literature, in the purest sense of that much-abused word. It is of the minor incidents of warfare that Mr. Morgan writes—the little things of deep significance, so easily overlooked, which make up the laborious days of fighting men, whether their duty lies in the firing-line or in those dim regions "at the back of the front" where so much toilsome routine, essential to the army's well-being, is patiently and faithfully followed. This little book is a revelation of the scene and of the actors—an intimate, quietly humorous, swiftly witty, and charmingly humane series of impressions, "well observed and well felt," as painters say, and full of instruction. The literary allusions and asides, the groundwork of deep knowledge, deftly employed and never pedantic, set the work in a little niche of its own. Something of the spirit of Anatole France, with whom the author communes often, informs these pages. And their unforced evidences of the fury and ruthlessness of the Hun carry a conviction deeper than any lurid indictment could convey. Against that background of horror, the soul of France and Great Britain united stands forth steadfast and serene, in pledge of victory to come. Every word is true, and what appears in the guise of fiction is still essential fact lightly veiled for discretion's sake. These "Leaves" are the best of all possible antidotes to pessimism.



WOMEN IN TRAINING AS MUNITION-MAKERS AT WORK: AT AN L.C.C. SCHOOL.

More and more women are being employed in the munition-factories as men are called up for the Army. In some factories heavy shell-machinery is worked by women. In others, women gauge the shell-parts and examine cartridges and accessories, work demanding speed, and at which girls are apt. The London County Council train both men and women munition-workers and also girls and lads. Their classes at Shoreditch Technical Institute were recently visited by the Queen.

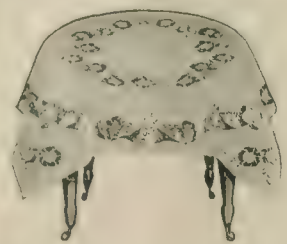
would make any nation appear equally depraved. Collect the worst passages of any country's history—ransack secret memoirs of Court and Society, spice them with extracts from the decadent or roystering Drama, and the

recommendation. To attempt any epithet of praise seems almost an impertinence; it better befits the reviewer to offer the author humble and hearty thanks for a memorable and exquisite experience. For here is



GATWICK STEEPLECHASE CUP: THE BRITANNIA OF 1916.

The Racecourse Association Steeplechase Cup, won at the "Substitute Grand National" meeting at Gatwick on March 24 by Vermouth, was designed and made by Messrs. Elkington. The design represents the Britannia of 1916, armed and fearless, and holding out on her inverted shield the trophy cup guarded by lions.



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TOWELS. Hemstitched Linen Huck Towels, size: 24 x 41 ins., 29/3; 25 x 44 ins., 28/6 per doz.

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CRÊPE-DE-CHINE COAT (as sketch), a new and attractive model for Spring and Summer wear, in heavy quality durable silk. In black, white, and many very pretty shades.

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Famous for over a Century
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150—12/9

Instead of Boots

YES, high-leg boots were smart and becoming in the Winter, but, with the first breath of warmer weather, there seems a great deal to say for shoes.

And here's a new shoe in Delta, No. 150, which is own cousin to our favourite boots of the Winter, with a smart cloth upper and a dapper patent leather vamp. And such a comfortable little shape too.

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Agents everywhere
Letters: Lotus Limited, Stafford
Manufacturers of Delta and Lotus Shoes



Mr. Dunlop heads a deputation.

“ — In conclusion, I will summarise my points :

(1) There is annually a sum of more than £3,500,000 going out of this country in the purchase of foreign-made tyres.

(2) There is an ample supply of British built tyres to meet all legitimate demands without the importation of a single foreign tyre.

(3) Foreign tyres, on account of their bulk, occupy an appreciable amount of valuable space and thus accentuate the existing shortage of shipping.

I submit, therefore, that on these three counts, the free import of foreign tyres at the present juncture is economically unsound and contrary to national interests.”

D U N L O P
RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED,
FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TYRE INDUSTRY,
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PARIS: - - - - 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Forward the Heavy Brigade.

I suppose it is humanly impossible to be pleased at ukases that affect one's pocket, hence the tears of the dealers and importers of motor-car goods on account of the recent prohibition Order of the Privy Council. Fie upon such selfish ideals in these days of national—and only national—questions, when individual rights must be subjected to the necessities of the cause of the country! If I had my way, I would place a similar embargo on commercial motor-vehicles, so that our British motor-making firms could have a chance of catching up some of the leeway they have lost during the past twenty months. There are many reasons—and cogent reasons—for such a course. In the first place, the British heavy commercial motor is a product second to none; therefore, as both its quality and selling price are adequate value to its purchaser, there can be no argument of forcing inferior goods on the public by a system of bounties, protection, or prohibition of foreign goods of a similar

to the advantage of the workers that as much work as possible should be given them, so that the unemployed ranks should be thin. Therefore, it is necessary to do everything to increase the output of the works building goods-carrying and traction-hauling vehicles. At the present

form of endless chain that was in its action like a caterpillar. Demonstrations were given of the aptitude of this machine to haul loads across country devoid of roads, but no orders were received. At an engineering exhibition in London this "caterpillar" was shown at a period when the internal-combustion engine was being rapidly developed, and attracted the attention of two brothers, young American engineers, who visited this exhibition on the look-out for ideas. They were struck with the "caterpillar," and, getting full particulars from its makers (in our good-natured, open-hearted British way that leads us to be ready always to tell our neighbours anything they want to know), they returned to the States. There they proceeded to design and construct a petrol-driven machine on cheaper lines than those of the original they had inspected in London, and demonstrated to the farmers of big acreage that here at last was the true mechanical horse that could travel over hedges, ditches, soft ground or hard, while at the same time it could haul ten ploughs or other agricultural machines with ease. And so the farmers readily adopted this



SPECIALLY NOTED BY THE KING AT A RECENT INSPECTION: A 16-22-H.P. NAPIER MOTOR-AMBULANCE (ON THE LEFT) IN THE LONDON COLUMN.

The King inspected recently at Buckingham Palace the Ambulance Column attached to the London district, and specially commented on the smart and workmanlike appearance of the Napier car. It was presented to the Government by the Association of Master Lightermen and Barge-Owners of the Port of London. It is mounted on a 16-22-h.p. Napier chassis fitted with improved cantilever springing. This model is doing excellent service at the front.



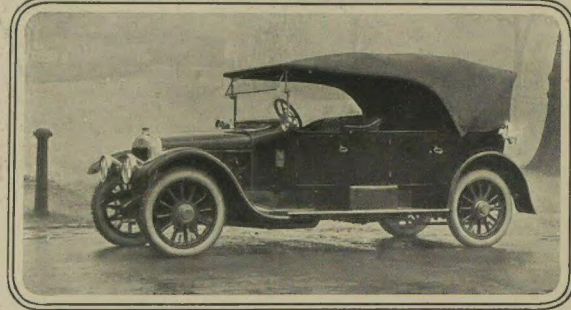
AS SUPPLIED TO THE BIRMINGHAM CORPORATION FOR THE USE OF THE LORD MAYOR: A 38-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER DOUBLE LANDAULETTE.

moment farmers in America are using the "caterpillar" self-laying track motor-hauler for ploughing and other agricultural purposes. We in this country are importing a certain number for our own use; but the irony of this is appalling, as the caterpillar system first saw its inception in England, and the story of how it migrated to the U.S.A. is worth repeating.

No Encouragement. After a few years in experiments,

Hornsby's, of Lincoln, produced, some twelve or

fifteen years ago, a steam-driven tractor that rolled itself over any country, and especially over soft ground, by a



BUILT FOR THE USE OF A PROFESSIONAL MAN AND SUPPLIED THROUGH THE FIRM'S LONDON DEPOT: AN AUSTIN CAR IN HYDE PARK.

character. Thus the interests of our population as buyers are safeguarded by the character of our own wares. It is

hauler, this iron horse, until the present Holt 45-h.p. and 120-h.p. "caterpillar" is no unusual sight on U.S.A. farms.

(Continued overleaf.)

3d. per Gallon off your Petrol

You can save 10% of your Petrol Bill—3d. from every Gallon—if you use Palmer Cord Tyres. The Palmer Tyred Car saves the Petrol Tax every day.

Palmer Cord Tyres increase mileage by lessening internal friction. Those wonderful Insulated Cords—the exclusive Palmer Patent—are the factors.

The Palmer Petrol saving is scientifically true—proved beyond question by comparative Tests at Brooklands.

Made with both Treads in many sizes.

PALMER CORD TYRES

If you write, quoting "L.N.," we will send you our Chart, "PALMERS, PETROL, AND POWER"

describing efficiency comparisons at Brooklands between the same car, first with canvas-lined Tyres, afterwards with Palmer Cords of the same size. Palmers used 10% less Petrol, travelled 7% faster, and coasted 100% further.

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The PALMER TYRE, Ltd.
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HUMBER LIMITED could not keep pace with the demand for their Cars before the War.

Now, owing to Government work, their normal output is practically stopped.

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Republic Tyres

"STAGGARD TREAD."

The greatest advance yet made in tyre-construction.

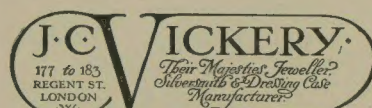
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Easter Gifts

Send for Illustrated List, post free.

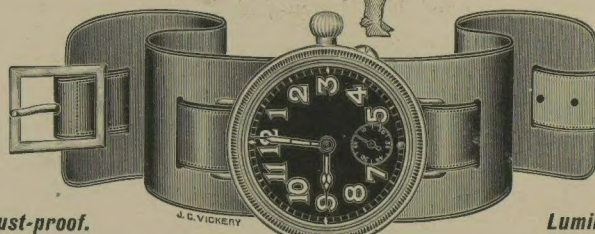


GOOD LUCK MASCOT

(Registered)
'FUMSUP!' for Luck.

Behold in me
The birth of luck,
Two charms combined
TOUCHWOOD-FUMSUP.

Silver 2/4 each
9-ct. Gold 22/6
15-ct. " 21/-
15-ct. " with real Gem Eyes, 30/-



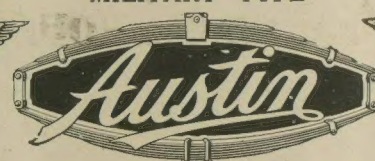
Dust-proof.

Luminous.

Vickery's Perfectly Reliable Active Service Wrist Watch, Luminous Hands and Figures, Screw Case, splendid timekeeper, with Wide Strap, which gives great support to Wrist. Sterling Silver, £3 3 0. Solid Gold, £6 6 0. Other Service Wrist Watches, at all prices from 25/-



MILITARY TYPE



AMBULANCES

The Company can now negotiate

for a supply of their 20 h.p. vehicles, which have been especially designed for the work. They have met with general approval and recommendation. PARTICULARS SENT AT REQUEST.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. (1914), LTD.,
Longbridge Works, Northfield, Birmingham.

London: 479-483, Oxford Street (near Marble Arch), W. Depots at Paris, Manchester and Norwich. Sub-depots at Exeter, Oxford, and Tunbridge Wells.

The FRENCH Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER:
GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES,
RHEUMATISM and all ailments
arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

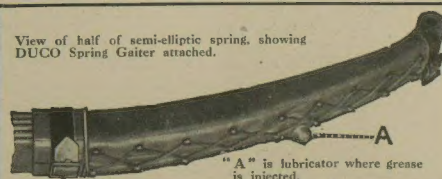
Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the World.

Wholesale Agents: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.; and at Liverpool and Bristol.



The "DUCO" GAITER (Joseph's Prov. Patent) FOR MOTOR-CAR SPRINGS

View of half of semi-elliptic spring, showing DUCO Spring Gaiter attached.



"A" is lubricator where grease is injected.

The springs of a car usually work for the first week or two after they have left the manufacturers' hands, but from this period onwards, with washing and the accumulating of mud and dust, the springs get less efficient every day, until eventually they are nothing but a mass of rusted steel.

To overcome this difficulty, various subsidiary springs and "shock-absorbers" have been added with varying results. The fitting of the DUCO Spring Gaiter means the eventual removal of these various devices from the car, as the springs retain their original elasticity.

DUCO Spring Gaiters are made to measure for every Car. When ordering it is necessary to give certain particulars, for which a special form is provided.

R. S. CAMPKIN, Esq., 71, Harley Street, W., writes:—"I am very pleased with the Spring Gaiters which you fitted on my MORS car. They have improved the comfort of the running very much, and whereas I was considering the advisability of having shock-absorbers fitted, I now find that they will be quite unnecessary. I am also certain that they will greatly add to the life of both the springs and the tyres."

Provides the springs with a flexible covering or protective casing, preserving them from dust, mud and water, at the same time maintaining a constant supply of lubricant. As the springs alternately compress and rebound, the movement causes the grease to constantly work through the leaves, and will give the car a fine silky movement, allowing it to ride much more easily.

Suitable for all types of springs. When once fitted they need not be removed, but simply replenished with grease from time to time.

Prices from 10/6 each.

Set of Four Gaiters "Ford" Car, £2 2s. 0d.

Descriptive Pamphlet & Measurement Form sent on request.

Brown Brothers & Co.
Great Eastern Street London, E.C.4.
267-270 Deansgate Manchester.

TRADE MARK

Showrooms: 15, Newman St., W.



MOTORING IN WARWICKSHIRE: A 9.5 STANDARD CAR ON THE RIDGE OF THE EDGE HILLS OVERLOOKING THE PLAINS OF KINETON.

Continued.

If this valuable mechanical problem had received only a little encouragement here at home, our own engineers would have created a business in this line that would have proved of no mean value at the present moment; but the powers that were of that day so crushed all the hopes of those who had spent many thousands of pounds sterling in their efforts and experiments that they were loth to spend more, and so cut their losses and continued in a more immediately lucrative form of road steam-haulers.

Commercial Haulage. To-day there are a great number of British firms who make various mechanical devices for the commercial haulage of goods who have devoted all their workshops and energies to serving the nation and providing the Allied armies in the field with equipment. To-morrow—and who of us knows how soon that morrow will be here?—those same firms will cease war-work and resume the peaceful arts. But what will avail them if they find their home and Colonial markets swamped with foreign goods, while thousands of their workmen asking for employment are turned from their doors because the firms have no work to give them, as they themselves have no orders to fulfil? For this reason alone the commercial motor industry requires protection in its fullest and widest form, so that those

engaged in this most useful form of motoring can build up their businesses to the position they held *ante bellum*, and forge ahead of their foreign trade rivals. There is no reason why the commercial motor-vehicle should not be placed in exactly the same position as the motor-carriage in Great Britain and the Empire is placed to-day by forbidding foreign imports, for under the Order in Council this prohibition does not apply to persons licensed by the Government to import goods necessary for the Government's own use. So that, if our own heavy motor builders cannot supply the present demands, the Government can import such vehicles as they really require. On the other hand, if our own manufacturers can fill the wants of the community in this direction, it gives them the needed opportunity to regain their own home and Colonial markets.

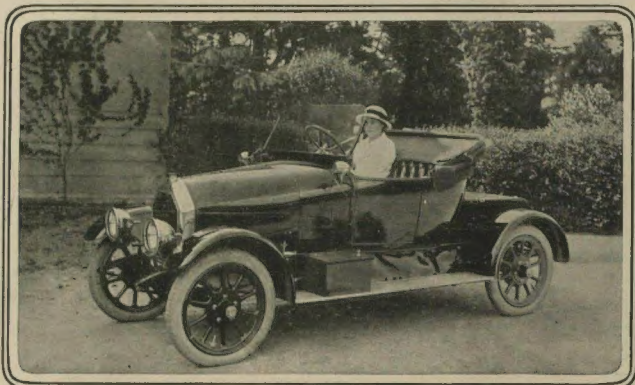
Steady Progress. It must not be understood, because one is apt to grumble at the British manufacturer, that he is idling his time or not making

steady progress in motor matters during this time of war, because, as a matter of fact, the whole bunch of them are forging ahead in the mechanical side of the industry. What most critics (save the mark!)



THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING'S NEW INSTRUCTION WORKS OPENED BY THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY: THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY.

The new Central Practical Instruction Works of the British School of Motoring, Ltd., of 5, Coventry Street, W., were recently opened by the Marchioness of Londonderry. The school is specially adapted for training women as motor-drivers, of whom there is great and growing need. Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, the eminent surgeon, said that it was a very healthy and suitable occupation for women.



WOMAN AT THE WHEEL: A HUMBER CAR—WELL SUITED TO LADY MOTORISTS. Humpers are noted for their comfort and technical excellence, and are safe and pleasant cars for lady motorists to drive. The photograph shows a particularly attractive model.

complain of is that he is too modest, and not sufficiently wide-awake to "bang the drum" and let his customers and the world at large know he is alive and preparing to do business as soon as he can. Yet, notwithstanding the dearth of paper, firms like Austin, Crossley, Swift, Daimler, Sunbeam, and Vauxhall are constantly sending witty and instructive reminders to their public in the form of tasteful catalogues, illustrated brochures, and house journals full of the doings of their firms. These, if well read between the lines, foreshadow, like our old friend Dunlop, King of Tyres, future developments from past records that will ensure that English cars—aye, and Scottish, like the Arrol-Johnston—will come right ahead of the rest of Europe and America in value for money. W. W.



The Evolution of the Perfect All-Rubber Non-Skid Tyre

- (1) The original round plain-tread tyre, which skidded badly.
- (2) The Square Tread, the first attempt at an All-Rubber Non-Skid.
- (3) The "Three-Ribbed" Design—a good lateral non-skid, but skidded at starting and under the brake.
- (4) The "Cross Grooved." Acted fore and aft, but useless laterally.
- (5) Various "nobby" designs built up on the old plain round tyre. Effective until the design on the tread wears down.

Lastly, the perfect

Wood-Milne

"SPECIAL"

This pattern is a combination of Nos. 2, 3 and 4. Its effectiveness is enhanced by the "suction" cups. It is a non-skid for practically the whole life of the tyre and is GUARANTEED 3,500 MILES.

WOOD-MILNE, Ltd., PRESTON

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